123 handed to show their friendliness.

142 291 123 [302] [411] One was a young man with rather pleasant features, his braided hair hanging below his shoulders. His name was Antonio Herrera. The other was a wild-looking specimen called Ramon Blanco. His hair was a tangled mat with a short braid behind, suspicious black piercing eyes, long sparse moustache and chin-beard hiding a broad cruel mouth. He wore the remnants of an old sweater, a short dirty kilt, or skirt, nearly to his knees, a belt full of cartridges, mostly empty, and a long knife in a rawhide scabbard.

123 [765] [291] The young man had been baptized and given a name by Roberto, who had acted as godfather or *patrona*, many years ago. He wore a hat, jacket, and pants of blue denim, and *guaraches*, or sandals of rawhide.

We shook hands all around and then they called and halloed in the brush and soon three women and a lot of children, wild and half-clothed, filed into camp. The women were tall, gaunt, unkempt, ragged and barefooted, paying us not the slightest notice. They were bearing on their heads large baskets filled with all their earthly possessions---cooking ollas, scraps of cloth, pieces of turtle meat, bone brads, hair brushes, and odds and ends. They carried, also, an infant or two wrapped in odd bits of rags. Several gaunt dogs followed in their wake.

[415] [482] [422] [854] [231]

342 [592] In all, three families came trailing in, removed their household equipment from their heads and resumed their interrupted and primitive housekeeping. Each family occupied its apartment in the row of brush shelters, separated from each other only by brush partitions with a total lack of privacy. These shelters, always open to the sea, serve as shade from the fierce rays of the sun, and also as windbreaks, but are no protection from infrequent rains. They are occupied only for a brief period and then their nomadic tenants move on to fresh *cahuama*, or sea turtle range.

[361]

123 [142] Soon, a third man arrived while we were near the huts, Manuel Encina. He was a man of sixty-five, gray hair and mustache, seamed features, and not evil looking. He was out of breath. He had gone for water to the same water hole where we had been yesterday, struck our tracks, had left his water cans and hurried back to warn his people. He was greatly relieved to find friends.

Since he had gone for water, inquiry revealed there had been no water in camp for two days, and six adults and one girl of thirteen and six children were thirsty. We gladly gave them one of our five-gallon cans of water and they were very grateful. They had caught a sea turtle the day before and gave us some turtle steaks which looked like beef or mutton.

[225] [262]

312 482 123 As the camp was without water and we were running short, the young man and Encina offered to get some. Each took a *palanca*, or short shoulder pole with knotched ends, fitted empty five-gallon cans in